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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1911.

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It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, September 17.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. W. LEE, B.A.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. MORITZ WESTON, D.D., Ph.D.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. F. K. FREESTON; 7, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.
 Finchley (Church End), Fern Bank Hall, Gravel Hill, 6.30, Rev. GEO. CRITCHLEY.
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Rev. DOUGLAS HOOLE.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. GOW, B.A.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11, Dr. A. D. TYSSSEN; 6.30, Mr. G. J. ALLEN.
 Ilford, High-road, 11, Rev. A. H. BIGGS, M.A.; 7, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11, Memorial Service for Miss Preston and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. C. ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DOUGLAS W. ROBSON, B.D.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, D.Litt., M.A. No Evening Service.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Dr. LIONEL TAYLER. No Evening Service.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. J. A. PEARSON; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C., 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. H. JONES, B.A.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, Wandsworth, 11 and 7, Rev. H. WOODS PERRIS.
 Wimbledon, 27B, Merton-road, 7, Mr. W. H. SANDS.
 Wool Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 AMBLESIDE, The Old Chapel at The Knoll, Rydal-road, 11, Rev. DOUGLAS WALMSLEY, B.A.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.

BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45, Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. H. McLAHLAN.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11, Mr. J. P. CHALK; 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate-street (Presbyterian), 11 and 6.45, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.
 CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30.
 GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. WILSON.
 GEE CROSS, 11, Rev. E. H. PICKERING; 6.30, Rev. C. W. BUTLER.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS and Rev. H. W. KING.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS, M.A.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH BOND.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11, Rev. J. H. M. NOLAN, B.D.; 6.30, Rev. E. I. FRIPP.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. PEACH.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. FARQUHARSON.
 MORETONHAMPTON, Devon, Cross Chapel, 11 and 3, Rev. A. LANCASTER.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. TRAVERS.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. C. SHARPE.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAR, M.A.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE BURNETT STALLWORTHY.
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. HORACE SHORT.

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MARRIAGES.

BENTON — PRESTON. — On September 9, at Unity Church, Islington, by the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, Richard Lewis Benton, of College Park, Harlesden, to Gladys Kathleen, second daughter of Percy Preston, of 9, Randolph-road, Maida Hill, W.

SMITH — DEAR. — On September 6, at St. Mary Magdalene, Addiscombe, Harry Howard elder son of Howard S. Smith, of Woodbourne-road, Edgbaston, to Edith May, daughter of the late C. Dear and the late Mrs. M. Helby, wife of C. Helby, of Outram-road, Addiscombe. At home, October 25, 26 and 27, at 76, Wellington-road, Edgbaston.

DEATHS.

BAKER. — On September 6, at Kingscote, Wokingham, Amy, only surviving daughter of the late Thomas Baker, of Kingscote, barrister-at-law, in her 60th year.

BERRY. — On September 13, Ada Berry, of Fairseat, widow of Edward Berry, aged 80.

COOPER. — On September 7, at Anstey Grange, Leicester, Mary Jane, wife of Edgar Franklin Cooper, aged 74 years.

PRESTON. — On September 10, at 18, Highbury-crescent, London, N., Miss Anne Preston, in her 87th year. Memorial service at Unity Church, Islington, at 11 o'clock on Sunday, September 17.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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*** All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IF the deportation of Mr. Cole from Portuguese East Africa by order of the Colonial Office were simply a political incident, we should not notice it here. But it is something more. It is the assertion, in a case where there were many personal reasons for doing nothing, of the law of right against the claims of personal force and a growing leniency of judgment when the white man commits a crime against a native. Mr. Cole shot a native, admittedly in circumstances of provocation, and a jury of his fellow-colonists acquitted him. If the positions had been reversed no one can doubt that the native would have been punished. The action of the Colonial Office is a sharp and necessary reminder that our civilisation is based upon the principle that everywhere, between man and man, the law shall be just and equal.

MR. COLE has had many apologists and newspaper correspondents have censured the Colonial Secretary for what they regard as foolish and high-handed interference. We have heard the usual plea of “the man on the spot” that he alone is competent to judge. In other words, it is to be left to those who are actually exposed to the temptation to oppress or murder natives to say whether it is right or wrong. No civilized country can allow a claim of this kind for a moment. It must bring its dispassionate reverence for law to bear strongly upon men of hot blood, who are living away from the ordinary social influences which ensure respect for human life and decency of behaviour. And from the

higher point of view of Christian principle we can never admit that the existence of difficulties, however acute they may be, is an excuse for doing wrong. The hasty solutions of passion and prejudice always breed bitterness and disaster. Lynch law is simply digging the grave of civilization, and those who aid or abet it in any of its forms are preparing a terrible day of reckoning against themselves.

THE death of Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald has stirred a sorrow which is almost national in its scope. Richly gifted by inheritance, with the same blood as Gladstone and Lord Kelvin in her veins, she chose her own pathway in life and dedicated herself with singular clearness of judgment to the task of grappling with the problems of labour, especially as they affect the social and economic status of women. She will always have her place in the small group of pioneers, who by force of character and rare qualities of sympathy and unflagging work, have aroused nobler ambitions in the ranks of the women workers and revealed to them the solidarity of their interests and the way of self-help.

AMONG the many appreciations of her character and work, which have appeared in the public press, the following sent by a friend to the *Times*, may find a place here: “She was a woman who, with a width of mind and a balance of judgment that would have been remarkable in a man, kept to middle womanhood the fresh joyousness of a girl (her laugh was always a girl’s laugh), just as she kept the severe honesty of unspoiled early youth. It was her singleness of aim that made her speech at all times, in public and private, transparently simple, her graciousness of manner something that you could never notice as ‘manner’ at all. Wherever she went she

carried an influence that daunted and shamed selfishness, pettiness, and every unworthiness in public life and public work. She called forth in the women’s labour movement a spirit which promises more than legislators have yet been able to conceive or workers to build their hopes on. . . . Her freedom from prejudice was as singular in one of her sturdy morality as her spirit of the traveller and citizen of the world together with her gift for motherhood.”

It is surprising to find that the hymn, “Calmly, calmly, lay him [her] down,” which was sung at Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald’s funeral is so little known. Its appropriateness seems to have given rise to the idea that it must have been composed for the occasion. It was written many years ago by the late Rev. William Gaskell, we believe for the funeral of a minister, and it has often been sung at the burial of servants of the public good, but never more fitly than on Tuesday last. It is one of the very few noble funeral hymns in the language, free from all trace of sentimentality, and yet tender and beautiful with hope and sorrow and regret.

DR. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, the late Archbishop of Armagh, who died on Tuesday, once said that he was the only man living who had been turned out of the House of Lords. He was appointed to the see of Derry in 1867, and sat as an Irish bishop till the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1870. He was the old man eloquent of the pulpit, and worthily upheld the tradition of Ireland as a country of orators as well as of saints. Those who are unacquainted with the bald and unprogressive evangelicalism of the Irish Church will be surprised at the suspicion, which a man who had heard Newman preach in St. Mary’s and touched

the fringe of the Oxford Movement aroused in many minds. His appointment to the Primacy in 1896 was a tardy recognition of his gifts, and of the moderating influence which his personal charm and poetic temperament had exercised in the heated atmosphere of Irish ecclesiastical politics.

* * *

As a preacher Dr. Alexander was widely known in England, and if the power to hold vast audiences spell-bound and to play with freedom on all the emotions of the human heart is taken as the test, he was one of the greatest preachers of the day. He was golden-tongued like St. Chrysostom. "My habit," he once wrote in describing his method, "is to prepare carefully, and to take into the pulpit, a complete skeleton of the discourse, and as much argumentative or illustrative matter, as might occupy some minutes in delivery, trusting for the rest to the suggestions of the moment founded upon previous thought." "I have tried," he said, "that my preaching should be Churchlike, that it should be Christian, that it should be full of peace." His own estimate of himself is worth preserving, for it is seldom that men are so free from the taint of exaggeration, and so quaintly humorous in passing judgment on their own work:—"I have been, perhaps, enough of a writer to prevent me being a very good speaker. I have been enough of a speaker to prevent me being a thinker. And I have been enough of a writer and speaker and thinker to prevent me being a very good Bishop for these troublous times."

* * *

THE Rev. Thomas Phillips, the superintendent of the Bloomsbury Central Mission, has been making a pilgrimage to the literary shrines of New England. In describing some of his impressions he said he was surprised to find how deep was the Puritanism of both Holmes and Emerson. "We generally think of them as Unitarians, and even something beyond that; but one rainy Sunday Mrs. Emerson permitted her children to play Battledore and Shuttlecock. When their father heard the noise, he opened his door and said, 'Such a thing has never been known since New England existed, and I am not going to have it in my house.' Then when Mrs. Holmes died, her husband could only find comfort by going regularly to hear Phillips Brooks preach."

* * *

THESE remarks, if they are not merely prompted by a desire to mitigate the heresies of Holmes and Emerson and present them as Christians of an ordinary pattern, are based on a singular want of knowledge. If Mr. Phillips wants to see Puritanism at its best, simple and pure in its family affections, strict in its integrity, faithful

to quiet habits of devotion and simple standards of happiness, controlled more by conscience than by fashion, it is in the Unitarian homes of this country and New England that produced men like Martineau and Emerson that he will find it. Nor can we discover any sign of theological reversion in the fact that Oliver Wendell Holmes found comfort in the preaching of Phillips Brooks, any more than we should suspect an evangelical preacher of heresy because he heard the voice of the Spirit in the sermons of Channing. Some men are so big in their manhood and their message that they belong not to a denomination but to the Church Universal.

* * *

THE recent correspondence in the *Nation* on the Universities and the Working-Class has been successful in eliciting a considerable variety of opinion. We think, however, that our contemporary, in an article on the subject which appeared last week, is unduly pessimistic, because the solution is hard to find. It is content to advocate a Workmen's College, not as an ideal solution, but as giving the greatest prospect of success which our social conditions at present afford. "To reform the Universities as some of our correspondents would wish," the writer says, "would involve a complete reform of British institutions; more than that, it would involve something like a change of heart on the subject of social relationships in this country."

* * *

We confess that it is precisely this "change of heart" which we desire to see, and it does not seem unreasonable to expect it. Class distinctions are really less deeply rooted than we suppose sometimes. The growth of wealth has broken down the traditions and prejudices which formerly separated the English aristocracy from the middle class as by an impassable gulf. A large proportion of the present aristocracy are middle class people who have amassed enough money to be able to afford a large house and a coronet. The growth of noble ideals of citizenship and of a deeper sense of the value of human life may be at least as powerful in producing "a change of heart" and with much more beneficial results. Meanwhile we should like to see a serious attempt on the part of educational reformers to free Oxford and Cambridge from the extravagance which excludes the poor man. Their expensiveness is hostile to the growth of knowledge and a noble national culture. Learning thrives best in an atmosphere of Spartan living and intellectual eagerness, as the Scottish and the smaller German universities are able to testify, and as Oxford and Cambridge themselves realised in the Middle Ages, before wealth had marked them for its own.

"UNCHARTERED FREEDOM."

IN discussing last week the need of a bond of union, as the need which the churches in their present state of unrest are trying to satisfy, we pointed out that there are certain solutions of the difficulty which give us little promise of help. Dogma imposed by ecclesiastical decisions and the unchartered freedom of private taste in religion are equally powerless to arrest the present drift, to give us peace and joy in believing, and to restore a quickening sense of fellowship to hearts oppressed by spiritual loneliness or the poverty of their own faith. The men who are all for authority and the men who are all for liberty are alike the victims of an obstinate prejudice in favour of simple solutions, whereas the problem is as many-sided, in a sense as full of contradictions, as life itself. The church which hesitates too long to grant wide extensions of liberty and to honour the individual conscience in a democratic age must be content to relax its hold upon large sections of the population; but the church which, in its devotion to freedom, has lost the secret of drawing wayward impulses into the fruitful harmony of an ordered life, is in constant danger of paying too much heed to the novelties of speculation till it sinks from its high estate into a society of casual adherents for the study of religion.

Now we think that it must be admitted that the attempt to found church life upon a basis of pure spiritual individualism has broken down. It is true that it has never been tried upon a very large scale; but it has been tried long enough and in circumstances sufficiently varied to provide us with some grounds for judging the reasons of its failure. It is easy to throw the responsibility upon human nature, which is too indolent to think for itself or too blind to accept the privilege of standing alone; but to do so is to ignore the teaching of history. We cannot, in any case, dismiss the suggestion as childish that there are spiritual needs and demands which it does not satisfy, or that freedom without authority, a system of unlimited spiritual preferences without the prohibitions of an accepted mastery, is an abstract theory and not a positive good.

Spiritual individualism, when it escapes from the philosopher's study and becomes a message in the pulpit, rests on the assumption that all men and women are capable of adequate religious judgment upon the deep problems of life and death, the baffling varieties of Christian experience, and the ultimate meaning of the facts of Christian history. It is possible that by a severe process of selection we might form small groups of people in which the standard of judgment on these matters would be very high, and what

each man taken by himself thinks and feels would be of real value. But most of us are only too painfully aware of our own incompetence. We crave for the authority of a faith larger than our own, and an answer to our difficulties which has been hammered out on the anvil of human experience. And we find it, to a certain extent, in the special religious group to which we belong. It may be very small in numbers, but its value for us consists in the possibilities of fellowship which it affords and the indefinite extension of experience in the things of GOD, far beyond the limits of solitary vision, which is the privilege of our membership. But the individual group or congregation is seldom rich enough in the knowledge and the love of GOD to satisfy all our need. It is in constant danger of isolation from the larger communal life of the Christian spirit of which it is a part. In proud reliance upon the sufficiency of its own freedom it may try to shape its course alone, and offer only a feeble resistance to noisy self-assertion or shallow habits of thought. It needs for its spiritual welfare, through all the cherished liberty of its life, the sense of a religious mastery, which encompasses it on every side and holds it closely bound to the central aims of the great chapter of religious experience, through which alone it has any existence.

It will be said that we are simply entering a new plea for authority in religion. We are quite aware of the fact. It is what we desire to do. The revolt against authority has been amply justified in so far as it has been directed against the fixity of dogma. The idea of the relativity of theology has entered into the texture of modern thinking. The trust in intellectual infallibility is never likely to recover from its wounds; and all forms of religious effort and teaching which cling to the old methods of argument and controversy are simply preparing the way for their own defeat. But we have been accustomed so long to the idea that it is the business of Christianity to give a final answer to the riddle of the universe, that it is hard to adjust ourselves to any new idea of its authority; and in many cases the crumbling away of the old system of thought has simply left men a prey to their own prejudice or the vagaries of religious fancy. There is danger, in face of a mood of disappointment because the gains of liberty have been so small, of at least a temporary reaction. The exhaustion that follows revolution is the opportunity of autocracy in religion as well as in politics. The only way in which we can avoid such grievous loss to the freedom of faith and the hard-won gains of the democracy of the spirit is by once again wedding freedom to authority. Only it must be the authority not of dogma or of any attenuated formula of the intellect

from which all the mediæval nodules and wrinkles have been smoothed away, but the authority of Life itself, Life which is the sovereign word of Christianity, deeper even than Love, for it includes love and all that love means; Life which is at once a record, an achievement and a prophecy,—or rather the everlasting becoming of the Gospel of the Cross and its victory in the souls of men.

This idea of the authority of Life, which is not stored in records but flows on in an ever richer stream of experience and achievement is familiar to us elsewhere. The problem of democracy is to find the just equilibrium between the individual will, with its claim to win its own way and to make or mar its fortune in an atmosphere of freedom, and the authority of the life of the nation with its vast accumulations of experience, the obligation to obey its laws, and the limits which the victories and defeats of the past have assigned to liberty. We can only be free men of the nation within the conditions of an ordered obedience, which humanity has imposed upon us for the discipline and expansion of the individual life. Along these lines of analogy we may feel our way to the conception of the life of freedom subject to the authority of the Christian society, which lives in us and fashions us after its pattern, and by the very act of making us capable of great acts of faith in the Unseen and endowing us with the treasure of its experience, sets metes and bounds to what we can think or do without treachery of heart.

If we may follow this analogy a little further there are two aspects of it for which we should like to ask some special consideration. The loyalty which the nation demands from its citizens does not consist in the acceptance of any theory of the State. There is no attempt to coerce men into intellectual uniformity either in politics or social theory. Patriotism may even be said to thrive upon differences of opinion. And the result is not anarchy, for the simple reason that there is a point beyond which the open question ceases to exist and life makes its inexorable demands for loyalty and service. When Christianity has the wisdom to act in the same way, it will welcome a far wider liberty of thought than it has done hitherto and men will not fly apart into conflicting sects in their zeal for intellectual uniformity; but through it all there will be the healing and uniting influence of a common patriotism for the heavenly country, the pledge of obedience to its standards of goodness, and the constraining power of its vision of perfection.

In a similar way the analogy of national life may help to bring home to us the secret of strength found in limitation. Vague doctrines of liberty, which try to dissolve concrete loyalties into cosmo-

politan sentiment, do not produce the best lovers of their kind. It is the light which glows with intense radiance at the centre which can throw its beams farthest into the darkness of the world. The larger human charities and the wider religious sympathies, which are so characteristic of life to-day, will gain in richness and force when they spring from a concentrated energy of affection within the limits which life itself has laid down for us. It is only in this way, by bringing liberty into disciplined subjection to the life of Christian faith and affection, by the depth and sincerity of our personal attachments in religion, that we may hope to reach the true catholicity of love, so well exemplified in a leading character in Henry More's Divine Dialogues, who is described as "a zealous and sincere lover of GOD and CHRIST and of the whole Creation."

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

WANTED—A MINISTER.

For the last seven years I have had the honour of being secretary for our church; and for the third time we are without a minister. Again I am puzzling over the problem, where are we to find a suitable man? I am sorry our late minister left us, because it might look to an outsider as if we are a difficult lot to get on with, whereas we are not so at all. In fact, we are quite average folks, as far as I can see neither better nor worse than others; and it will be a pity if good ministers fight shy of us because of our unfortunate experiences. I am really anxious to get the right man this time, and with the idea of testing the feeling of the congregation I have spent all my spare time of late in visiting members of the different cliques. The result is satisfactory in one way: they all met me kindly, and said frankly and freely what they wanted. But still I feel rather confused. I made notes of our conversations in order that I might add up the individual wishes, and so arrive at a general conclusion. Well, here is my talk with Lady J., who represents the select few.

"So, Mr. Jones, and you want to know what sort of a minister we ought to have next. Well, whatever else he is, my dear man, do let him be a man of culture. A nice, refined man in the drawing-room; musical, you know, and fond of art—not bigoted about temperance or sweating, and that sort of thing. It is so embarrassing when one has broad-minded friends; and many really nice people don't object to a glass of whisky at all. Do you know—well, really I used to shiver when I saw Mr. Brown coming up the garden. I felt quite sure he would get on about temperance, or some such disagreeable topic. And he always did. Now, Mr. Jones, we don't want that kind of thing. It doesn't do. One has to be tolerant nowadays."

"Yes, Lady J. I think I see what you mean. And what about his religious views? Would you like him to preach—er—Determinism, for instance?"

"Mr. Jones! For goodness sake don't ask me serious questions like that! I don't even know what the word means; nor do I care. I come to church so seldom—and you know it, you wicked man! But really we are almost always away week-ends, motoring somewhere or other. And when we are at home we have visitors, and I have to entertain. No, I don't care anything about his religious ideas, so long as he is not a Christian Socialist. I do draw the line at that. Why, will you believe me, my sister, who lives at Southport and goes to a Wesleyan place there—her husband is Wesleyan, and that is why she goes—well, she told me one day about their minister. He is one of these Christian Socialists, with fancy notions about all being equal in the sight of God, and so on. Well, we may all be equal in the sight of God, but we're certainly not equal in the sight of men; and it's perfect nonsense to expect us to behave as if we were. Why, that man actually asked my sister to go up to an old person—this was at a social evening, you understand—he asked her to go up to an old person and shake hands with her, and make her feel at home! And it was perfectly evident the old thing was a char-woman, or something of that sort. *What* do you say? Did she do it? No, indeed, she didn't. And remember, Mr. Jones, we mustn't have that kind of thing in our church. No, I'm not really particular what sort of ideas he has. The one thing I like about the Free Church is one is not obliged to believe anything. All the same, I do hope the next man will be able to play whist better than Mr. Brown could. Do you know, I should have won the prize at the last whist drive if he hadn't revoked. The wretch!"

"Did he do that, Lady J.? H'm! I'm sorry. But, of course, those whist drives are got up more for the sake of being sociable—"

"Sociable fiddlesticks, Mr. Jones. I play for the prize, and I'm not going to be such a hypocrite as to say I don't. But, anyhow, I hope we shall get a nice man."

The next person I called upon was Mr. Joseph Smith, father of our treasurer. Mr. Smith seldom comes to church himself, but many of his children are quite regular, and I knew he could give me the feeling of a large circle. And here is the result of his talk.

"Well, Mr. Jones, I'm sure it's very kind of you to come and ask my opinion about a new minister. Not as I know much. But seeing as you ask me, I will say I think as you ought to go for a man as is musical. One as can play the piano and organ, an' lead the choir, an' train childer to sing, an' all that. An' if he can sing himself it'll be a good thing; not as it much matters whether he's tenor or bass. It's a grand thing, music is. An' I'll tell you what. You want to go for a jolly man. A man as'll shake hands wi' you as if you were a fellow mortal, as you may say. Now, old Mr. Tomkins, he used to stand at door an' pat childer on their 'ed as they come out! That's what I call being a parson. Why, our Mary she's come home many a time, and she's sed, 'Mr. Tomkins 'e stroked my 'air; an' 'e said, 'Well, Mary.' I tell you, childer likes to be taken notice of."

"That's true, Mr. Smith. I'm sure they

do. Well, now, and what about his religious ideas? What would you like him to preach? For instance, this Divine Immanence theory that is so much talked about; do you think we ought to have a man who—"

"Now, Mr. Jones, you know well enough I don't take no stock in that sort of thing. It takes me all my time to earn my living without thinking about things of that sort. Besides, they don't pay. Why, once when I went to church the man were talking about being honest in business. An' it might 'a sounded all right to anybody as didn't know. But I thought if that man stood in my shoes for a week he'd learn a thing or two. If he 'ad to earn his bread an' butter as I have, he'd make a penny when 'e could, and not look twice to see how he'd done it. He said as gambling was wrong. Why, it's rubbish! There's nowt wrong in it, as I can see. You haven't to be too particular in this world. I once heard a preacher says as we ought to learn to be tolerant; an' I thought to mysel', I thought, there's something in that. No, Mr. Jones, I don't know as it much matters what sort of ideas he has, so long as he's jolly an' musical. Do you know, last time I were at church were when that forriner were there; Hindian, think 'e were. 'Ad a queer sort of headgear—yellow silk. I were staring at it all evening, an' somebody did say as it were just yards an' yards twined round like."

"Oh, so you were there on that occasion, were you? Well, and what did you think about his sermon?"

"Well, he were rather slow like; seemed as if 'e 'ad a lot of time on 'is 'ands. But I were laughing at Billy McCormack most of all. They'd got him to sing a solo. Do you remember? It were for all the world like a donkey-raughting. He's no more music in him, 'asn't Billy—no—no more nor a rusty cart wheel."

"H'm! Well. And so you think we should get a man who is musical and cheerful. And what about visiting, Mr. Smith? Would you like a visiting par—"

"No, thank you, Mr. Jones. Mr. Brown did enough at that. When I had influenza he were never off the doorstep; an' 'is wife used to bring flowers. Course, they meant well, but it were nowt but a bother. My wife allus had to put a clean apron on when they come, an' get a glass of water to put flowers in. No. If he's musical and jolly, that's all I ask. A man, you know, as likes to take childer on a picnic. That's the kind of man you want to go for."

From Joseph Smith I went to see Mr. Tom Greenwood, who represents the Socialistic section, which is rather strong with us. And this is what he said.

"Well, since you ask me, Mr. Jones, I don't see why you should have a minister at all. Worship at Nature's shrine—that's my creed. For what good the churches are I can't tell. I tell you, I've seen a man only this afternoon, and I know for a fact he's been out of work six months, and his wife and family are starving! *Starving!* And there are wealthy folks as go to church every Sunday in their silks and satins, and they don't care a button-top! No! If you ask me, I don't see what good they are. They're no good. An' that's the long an' the short of it."

"Yes, Mr. Greenwood, I think I know

how you feel. But all the same, I don't quite see how we are to get on without a minister. You send your children to Sunday-school, I think, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, they go to school. As I say to my missus, it does 'em no harm, an' it keeps 'em out of mischief. Jack got a prize last year for attendance, only missed once; nice book, too. I'll tell you what you want at your church. You want a Brotherhood! Put a sign up in the church garden—Brief, Bright, and Brotherly—and go round with a band. You'd get hundreds! And give 'em books once a year. My brother Jack, in Manchester, he has a whole lot of books he's got that way. As he says, it costs him nothing, and it's somewhere to go."

"Well, that's a good idea, Mr. Greenwood. Now, suppose we get up a Brotherhood, will you join in and help to make it go?"

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Jones. Allow me to tell you I work six days a week. Do you think I'm going to work the seventh as well? An' do it for nothing? No, thank you. Parson must run it; that's his business. No. If you want to know how I like to spend Sunday I'll tell you. I stay in bed till dinner time, and after dinner I take my wife into the park an' we watch the ducks; an' then we go to her mother's. And it does us just as much good as going to church. Why, the last time I were there the parson were half his time explaining a Greek text. A Greek text! Now, can you tell me what good a Greek text is to a lot of working people, or to anybody else, either? It's no good. And that's the long an' the short of it. No, Mr. Jones, I can tell you what sort of a minister you *don't* want, if that'll be any help. You don't want one of those scholar men—not for working people. Why, some of those stuck-up scholars, they're more like mummies in a museum nor anything; they no more understand the masses, no—. I'll tell you what. You want a man as will get up free breakfasts for children; a man as will make the rich man put his hand down; one who is not afraid to stand on a tub at a street corner and take his collar off like any other man. That's the kind of man you want, and I hope you'll get him, too."

As I said to begin with, I feel rather confused with it all. I can't quite tell what Mr. Greenwood wants. But oh! when I met Mr. Dodds in town—as I did, accidentally. Now, Mr. Dodds, as everyone knows, is on the committee of the B.E.S.C.O., which makes an annual grant to our church funds. And he is a very good man, a very good man; knows his own mind thoroughly; but he is rather hasty. And I don't quite see why he should pull me over the coals for the sins of a whole church. He began by asking me why Brown had left us; said he knew why Tomkins left, because of that bother with Smith, the brewer; and he knew Davis left because of an old gossiping wasp who tittle-tattled scandal about him. But why in the name of common sense had Brown left?—as mild a man as ever walked.

Well, I told him, simply and quietly, what is the plain truth. Mr. Brown wasn't happy with us because he was too religious.

"Too *what!*" he snapped. "I never

knew religion was a fault in a minister before. What do you mean?"

So I told him again, the man was too religious. He wanted the people to be devotional during service, and he tried to get the children to kneel during prayers; well, our people, they don't feel humble, and they can't understand anyone who does. And, besides, Mr. Brown's personal habits were quite different from ours. He was a non-smoker, an abstainer, a vegetarian, and he said gambling was wrong! He hadn't a fault at all except that he was too much in earnest and too religious. Well, Mr. Dodds came down on me like a load of bricks. He said we ought to remember our churches stood for character—above everything else, character; if we lost our character we'd have nothing left. And he'd like to know what sort of people we were to be indulging in smoking and drinking and gambling! Did we think our church was a public-house? Had we no more idea of what was fitting than that? If we were not careful we were going to be a disgrace to the body. He said what we needed was a minister with plenty of moral backbone, one who would lick us into shape; and we must remember, too, that our churches stand for the brainy element in theology, and we must have a man of strong and high intellect, who would give us sermons we should have to climb up to. We must get a degree man, one who could take his proper standing in the town. And he finished up by advising me to write to the principal of one of our colleges as being the man who would know where we could find a suitable minister.

So when I got home I wrote a letter like this:—

F—, Lancs.,
April, 1911.

DEAR SIR,—I write to you as secretary of the Free Christian Church at F—. At present we are without a minister, and it has been suggested to me you are the likeliest person to give us sound advice. We should prefer a man of culture, a scholar, one able to take his proper standing in the town, as our church is the only one of its kind. And if he be a skilful musician it will be an advantage, as we are unable to pay an organist, and the duty frequently devolves upon anybody. Our young folks are very fond of acting, and if he can paint scenery it will be an additional advantage. Dancing also is a favourite pastime, and if he can dance well so much the better. Our wealthy members are fond of bridge and whist, and they like the minister to take a hand. The young men have cricket and football teams, and would like him to be captain. There are also tennis and cycle clubs. I may say all our people are very broad-minded and moderate. Our chief subscriber, Mr. Smith, is a brewer, and a very broad man. Our late minister gave offence in some quarters because he said so many things were wrong, viz., drinking, smoking, swearing, and gambling. If you can recommend an energetic man who is less scrupulous, I have no doubt he will harmonise better. I may add we are very poor, and though there is some talk of running a "twice nightly" in order to raise church funds, at present we can only offer a stipend of £75, and you will

readily see, sir, that if the candidate have private means he will win favour.

Awaiting your reply,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN JONES.

Well, I thought that was a simple, straightforward way of stating the situation. But after waiting nearly a week, I got this reply:—

M—,
April, 1911.

Species extinct.

A.

Now, what *am* I to do?

JOHN JONES.

BUSINESS OR PHILANTHROPY?

"You must face the fact that in what you suggest there is risk of loss to the shipowner, and this in some firms might be considerable." "We have realised that," was the answer, "but is it unreasonable to take the view of a master I spoke to quite recently who acknowledged that he probably would lose somewhat by this arrangement, but that he considered the loss more than counter-balanced by the good he felt would be assured to the wives and children of seamen, and through them to the sailors themselves?"

"Tut, tut," was the reply, "that's all nonsense. If you want this thing to be taken up seriously you must be able to show—from the testimony of others who have tried it if you wish—that there is no loss to be feared. I don't believe in mixing up business and philanthropy. Business is business, and we must stick to that."

The above remarks were made in one of the usual Turkey-carpeted office rooms of a shipowner. The writer looked at the speaker's face, and found it kindly as it was undoubtedly clever, but the sentiment just expressed sent a chill to her heart. Was "business" to be our standard in all things, even in dealing with the lives of our fellow-men? Were business and philanthropy always to be regarded as two separate things—mutually antagonistic?

One begins to ask oneself more closely what is generally understood by the words "business" and "philanthropy," and one realises how strangely narrow the conception of them has become. Business has simply come to mean *my* business—the making of money for me and mine, and in this isolation and selfish exclusion from the interests of others, it is false. And philanthropy shut out from the daily round of one's work and business is but a miserable, incomplete thing. To many so-called "philanthropy" is but a moral luxury, to be indulged in at will to soothe a restless conscience—it is not a consecration of one's life to the highest interests of others. It is neither the stern master that demands the maximum of self-sacrifice, nor the spirit of love, which perforce must spend itself on noble, uplifting tender, practical help to others. It has too often been identified with a certain sentimentality, a disposal of one's surplus of goods as a *gift*, not as a right, and in this spirit it blesseth neither him

that gives nor him that receives. Or one thinks of the average City man working hard all day at his "business," which, through his sharpness and shrewdness, he has made a financial success. He is a "Christian," especially on Sundays, when he is reminded that there are other interests and demands beyond those of money-making, and according to the strength with which he realises this he probably subscribes more or less generously to various charities. Occasionally he will devote an odd hour to some "philanthropic" work. What more could you demand of him? "If I did not work hard and make my business *pay*, your charities would suffer," he says, "for I should not then be able to subscribe to them so generously."

How often we hear this argument, and also the oft-reiterated phrase, "It's all very well, but philanthropy and business *cannot* go hand in hand. They must be kept distinctly separate." But one's soul in revolt hears another voice saying, "I must be about my Father's business," and one remembers that the life of him who uttered these words was not cut up into parts—business on the one hand, and philanthropy on the other. The business of the Son of Man was social good, not individual gain, and it was *all* his Father's business.

And is it too "impractical" to suggest that we should seek to follow in his footsteps as nearly as possible? Is it too wild to dream that my business should be my neighbour's, and my neighbour's business mine? Can we dare to speak of being "philanthropic"—lovers of men—if, for fear of having our coffers less full, we refuse to raise the physical and moral condition of our employees? "Yes, yes, we quite realise what you say, and we are very sorry for them, but of course we must first safeguard our own interests." *Of course?*

Surely those who utter such words do not understand—do *not* realise! Could they look on and see their wives struggle and suffer, as the wives of seamen struggle and suffer, for instance, through irregularity of payment, and inadequate provision made for them whilst their husbands are at sea? Could fathers and mothers who have agonised at the death-bed of a loved child look on callously at the heartrending sorrow of poor mothers who see their little ones gradually wasting away, until death, gentler to them than life, carries them away—could they look on, and realise that it was poverty and the miserable conditions of their lives that in this case were so largely responsible for those children's death, and yet not seek to help them at some personal self-sacrifice? They could not and they would not remain indifferent if they could but realise.

The present writer would like to give one of many instances of preventable hardships endured. She is thinking at the moment of a particular seaman's home she visited. The wife, pale and worn, was nursing a delicate child on her knee; one a little older was lying asleep on the sofa, two others, little more than babes themselves, were seated on the floor, listlessly gazing about them. The two eldest were at school. In the course of conversation the woman informed the visitor that her husband was

an A.B. (able-bodied seaman) earning £4 monthly, out of which she received £1 fortnightly to keep herself and family going, and that she generally managed to have a lodger, who brought her in an additional 2s. 6d. per week. "Goodness knows," she added, "how I'd manage without that—it's quite bad enough as it is. One pound fortnightly to pay the rent, find the food, and keep the children in shoes—well, it just can't be done! And," she continued, pointing as she spoke to two miserably underfed children, "just look at these two little ones. They've had measles, and ever since they've been wasting away. The doctor says they're not getting enough food; that they want more nourishment, and change of air, but it's easy enough to say that; how am I to give it? Oh," she added bitterly, "it's only them that does it that knows what it means to keep body and soul together on one pound a fortnight, where there are six children to feed! And where's the money to come from for their boots alone? They're that delicate, I daren't let them out on cold wet days without something on their feet." "But surely," the visitor interposed, "if you have been here several years, and your husband is well-known, the landlord will wait until his return for rent, and the tradespeople will give credit." Again a look of bitterness came over her face as she said: "It's because they know him too well that they won't do that. They know as well as I do that it's precious little of his money we shall see. There are things he wants on the way, and nearly all the rest goes in drink as soon as he lands."

But the immediate object of this article is not to go into the question of the hardships endured by wives of seamen, nor will the writer here enter into the main cause of it. This is but an earnest appeal that we strive to make our lives more in harmony with that of the divine master we profess to follow. On the one hand it is uttered in a spirit of diffidence because the writer feels it is not her place to preach—on the other hand, it is a passionate entreaty, the result of a strongly felt conviction that life will never approximate towards that perfect whole as long as in our business and our philanthropy there are such distinctions that can never be unified. If the writer should be charged with sentimentality, and absurd unbusiness-like ideas, may she not be allowed to suggest that in improving the physical and moral conditions of men and women around us greater efficiency is secured, and better work done, and that in that way it does pay?

An especial appeal here is made for the women and children. Generally speaking their labour is not required by business men, except to a comparatively small extent, and for this reason it is not necessary to them to see that they are kept in good condition. They are therefore regarded as negligible. But these women are mothers of men to be. Will they serve us and our sons and our country if they grow up physically and mentally stunted? These puny, half-starved children, so largely herded together in unwholesome houses and narrow streets, are the first to fall victims to disease, and the infection spreads rapidly upwards until it enters

our homes, and perhaps carries away one of our dear ones. Then we wake up, and feel there is something wrong somewhere—something that should not be. The retribution is just according to the degree of our selfishness and callousness, but the sensible fact remains that the innocent suffer with the guilty, and through the guilty. Should not this be sufficient to arouse in us a fuller consciousness of our solidarity, and to awaken a deeper sense of our own individual responsibility as far as the happiness and well-being, or misery and suffering of this world are concerned? And once this sense is aroused within us, it is difficult to see how we can still regard business and philanthropy as mutually antagonistic.

HARD SAYINGS OF JESUS.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—
MATT. vi. 34.

THIS saying seems tinged by pessimism, inspired by materialism, and altogether foreign to Jesus, the bearer of glad tidings. In some ways it recalls the refrain of the revellers rebuked by Isaiah, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." The presence of evil is recognised as an inevitable part of life, and he might well be reckoned wise who obeyed the counsel of Horace, and "plucked the flower of to-day." Yet our Lord was no slave of despair or passion. Sinners he would not abandon to their evil course, and he pronounced a benediction upon the pure in heart. Nay, life's woes he reckoned amongst its joys. "Blessed are they who mourn." "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake." Again, thrift and foresight he commended; hence, in the parables, the foolish virgins were punished for their sloth, and the unjust steward, despite his knavery, praised for his prudence.

The Revised Version gives the first clue to the meaning of this saying by its translation of what precedes: "Be not therefore anxious," instead of the Authorised Version "Take no thought." Faint-hearted anxiety magnifies future troubles, and fills the present with misery. The phenomenon of preperception is familiar to the psychologist. Ideas are called up in the mind congenial to the expected issue. The pessimist looks for failure, and does not look in vain. From this point of view, the saying of Jesus is really optimistic. Christ does not deny the existence of evil, he was well acquainted with it. But he knew also in consequence what "good" meant. The Paradise of Hebrew legend, lacking strife and pain, was wanting in the knowledge of good and evil, and in the joy of self-conscious conquest. Jesus speaks not of moral, but of material evil. This is proved by the theme of the passage of which this saying forms part. Evil is here not conscious violation of moral law, but the labour and suffering imposed by physical wants. Hunger and thirst, to most of us simply a slight sensation preceding a pleasurable satisfaction, becomes, in certain cases, an over-mastering passion. By some of Christ's hearers, the

questions he recalled had not been idly spoken. "What shall we eat? Or wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Jesus does not evade their force and urgency, but demands love and benevolence as the rightful dues of the poor and suffering. But the questions are repeated as often, perhaps more often, by epicures and sybarites. The time and trouble taken in discussing diet and dress, and the anxiety with which these great problems are faced, constitute a social sin as old as it is new. "Doth not life consist of the four elements?" asks Sir Toby in "Twelfth Night." "'Faith, so they say," replies Sir Andrew, "I think it rather consists of eating and drinking."

The difficulties of physical needs, real and imaginary, should be settled in the spirit of Christ. In the Kingdom, he who serves is greatest of all. Within a Christian commonwealth the poor will be under a special providence, and the cares of the rich will be forgotten in the midst of their ministrations. The evils that meet us day by day shall be sufficient for us, without casting about to anticipate those that come to-morrow. The eye of faith is steady and clear. No passion for luxury will consume us, and we shall not be tempted to perjure our souls in order to lay up treasure on earth. Worry has been called the greatest curse of the age. It betrays a lack of confidence, not only in ourselves, but also in our friends, and in Him, "Who is in all, and through all and above all." We need a deeper faith in God and in man. We require to keep a strict account with ourselves, and not to carry forward the cares of yesterday to mark against the joy of to-morrow. We must cultivate the power to value the verities of life. "The Kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." How many people never seem to live in the present? Here a man lives in the past, and sighs in vain for the return of the old days, that probably never were good. There, another lives in the future, building castles in the air, or engaged in predicting doom and disaster, both equally unprofitable occupations. Jesus calls us to face the burdens of the present; the past is unchangeable, and the future is being made now. To the hopeful, active Christian comes the sense of an inward, divine power which vanquishes the evils of the present, and banishes anxiety for the future.

SIR JOHN BOWRING AND THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

A FRIEND to whom I am indebted for many kindnesses has recently added to my small autograph collection two hymns and a letter, all in the handwriting of Sir John Bowring. The hymns are printed in the "Memorial Volume" edited by Lady Bowring. The letter is interesting because it avows the authorship of a work not included in any list of Bowring's writings with which I am acquainted. Nor is the copy possessed by the British Museum entered under his name. Some account of

this notable tractate may be of interest. The title-page reads:—

The Athanasian Creed. By LL.D. "Burnet, Fowler and Tillotson were desirous to strike this famous symbol out of the Liturgy altogether." Macaulay, Vol. III., p. 473. London: Edward T. Whitfield, 178, Strand, 1861 (8vo, pp. 58).

He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Groningen and was habitually called Dr. Bowring until his Knighthood. Hence probably his selection of this pseudonym.

Sir John opens with a statement which no doubt explains the origin of his treatise (for though printed as a pamphlet it extends to some sixteen thousand words). "I have just returned," he says, "from listening to this choice specimen of orthodox malediction, which is made the Church coronal of the holiest day of the year." He then passes in review the different days on which the Athanasian Creed is appointed to be read in the Anglican Church, and comments upon the series. On Christmas Day, Epiphany, St. Matthias, Easter Day, Ascension Day, Whit Sunday, St. John Baptist, St. James, St. Matthew, St. Simon and St. Jude, and St. Andrew, he has something pungent to say as to the opposition between the Creed and these occasions. "Bridle your tongue," saith St. James. Loosen it in all hatred and in all uncharitableness is the response of the Creed of Athanasius. *Salvation* is to be found only in the belief of Athanasian mysteries, saith the Book of Common Prayer. 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father,' proclaims St. James, 'is to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.'"

Here is a passage which illustrates Bowring's method and which at the same time would reveal his identity to at least some of his readers:—"This Creed lays down the conditions on which 'everlasting life' is to be obtained, and in so doing it abrogates, supersedes, annihilates, nullifies, the direct teachings of our Saviour. When the inquirer came to him and asked, 'What shall I do to inherit everlasting life'? how did our Lord answer? In the words of the Creed—in any words which by any torturing of imagination can be made to coincide with the teaching of the Creed? Most assuredly not. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself. This do and thou shalt live.' Is it 'Thus believe and thou shalt live'? And as if to write in characters indelible the meaning of *DOING* comes the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan. Nothing is said of his orthodoxy, for he was not orthodox; nothing of his belief in the Trinity, for he did not believe in the Trinity. But what was the moral, what the consummation, what the conclusion of the affecting tale? 'Go thou and do likewise.' I once told that tale to the fragment of Samaritans who still live in the city of Sichar, who still worship on Mount Gerizim, and their eyes glistened with delight when they heard how the Christian world loved to hear of the homage

which our Great Teacher had paid to one of their ancestors. Was such homage ever paid to mortal man on account of his Athanasian orthodoxy?"

The penultimate paragraph is also worth quoting:—"Now in the presence of that Great God who reads all hearts and knows all thoughts, let me record here not only my unbelief and utter rejection of this horrible piece of human invention, but my solemn conviction that of the hundreds of thousands who repeat the words of this apocryphal and intrusive invention, few indeed there are who do faithfully and sincerely admit its presumptuous propositions. Believers in the Trinity no doubt there are—the majority of the Christian world are believers, truthful and truth-loving believers; but in the dealing-out damnation of that Creed there is too much to sicken and to shock all that is human, and still more all that is divine within us. Happy will be the day for the Church of England when this Creed is torn out from the Book of Common Prayer, and condemned as he is condemned who calleth his brother, Raca!"

These extracts may serve as examples of the tractate which is written with the flowing eloquence inspired by indignation. Sir John Bowring, apart from his political career, was a man of talents and a wide and versatile scholarship. It is interesting to know the thoughts aroused in him as a worshipper in a Christian Church, as he had to listen to the denunciations of the Athanasian Creed.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

QUESTIONS AT ISSUE.

[Under this heading writers discuss freely from their own point of view living problems of Religion, Ethics, and Social Reform, but the Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed.]

RELIGION AT THE CROSS ROADS.

Writing in *THE INQUIRER* a little while ago on the eschatological theories of Jesus, Mr. Lloyd Thomas said: "The fact that the morality of Jesus was an interim-ethic, and contemplated only a brief lapse of time before the end of the world, seems to us to add stupendously to its authority. It was so temporary as to become timeless. Its very detachment from the world gave it a unique authority. By seeing the world pass away, and the lust thereof, he was able to contemplate it in the fierce light of another world, and to speak to us of morality as no man steeped in the affairs of this life can ever speak. So far from destroying the value or validity of his ethics the eschatological view enhances them." There is a truth in this, but it is only a partial truth, and it is in danger of being stressed too much just now. It is true—in the sense in which Ruskin somewhere emphasises it—that men should daily live and act towards each other as they would if they knew they would be snatched away from this world by death in a few days' time. In that

case, with what a hunger of affection we should follow every movement of those near and dear to us! How carefully and tenderly we should respond to the needs and claims of those about us! But the view quoted above is harmful in so far as it would lead us to fix our attention on the future to the neglect of the present, and minimise the importance of all those institutions—marriage, education, citizenship, legislation—which are as a school for the development of forethought, foresight, and all the other intellectual elements which enter into the formation of character. There is a sense in which even affection may be selfish, *i.e.*, when it leads us to concentrate our thoughts exclusively on the satisfaction of our limited, personal feelings, or, in other words, on the welfare of our own soul. We know what happened in the case of many of the early Christians. We know what happens to-day in the case of many devout Roman Catholics. Duties connected with our life here on earth are neglected, and the eyes of the soul are fixed elsewhere—in forgetfulness that the spiritual life is here, or nowhere.

Readers of Father Tyrrell's "Christianity at the Cross Roads" will remember how strongly he emphasises the eschatological views of Jesus, how strongly, also, he insists that the earthly life of man is beset by an "incurable tragedy," and by "an iron law of inevitable failure." He admits, indeed, that Jesus was mistaken in his anticipations of the near advent of the kingdom, but this mistake was but as the outer husk of a deep spiritual truth—the truth that there is a Judgment Day awaiting each one of us. But has the element of Time nothing to do with the matter? Does not this element enter into all our moral conceptions? If Jesus was mistaken, as we all now admit that he was mistaken, are we not thrown back upon this, as it seems to me, healthier view, that inasmuch as we need not look for an immediate judgment (saving the qualification of the uncertainty of life) God must have intended this seventy years of our life to be a period for the discipline and cultivation of our spiritual nature? This view brings us back to the spiritual side of Christ's teachings respecting the kingdom, the side which is so pointedly emphasised by the saying "the kingdom of God is within you." Men will be swayed towards the one view or the other—the slow, evolutionary, spiritual view, or the cataclysmic view—according to their religious temperament. But the fact that in so far as we are thrown back upon the spiritual and evolutionary view, the Time-element enters into the moral and religious problem, surely weakens Father Tyrrell's position. There is a very subtle but a very real distinction between the attitude of mind which says, "The life of the Spirit does not begin at death. It is going on here and now. Under normal circumstances I have sixty or seventy years in which to live and practice that life under the conditions which the Spirit imposes here. Let me see to it that I practise it truly and well"; there is a very real distinction, I say, between that attitude of mind, and the attitude which says: "Life here, our mortal life, is doomed to failure. The real life of the

Spirit begins hereafter, on the death of the body. Let us therefore look forward to that great event and prepare ourselves for it, and let all our religious services, our ritual, our sacraments, our religious symbolism, keep us continually reminded of it." It is the old antithesis between the idea that this world lies under an incurable blight of sin and evil, and the idea that the Spirit is somehow present in the world and in man, striving to redeem the world and humanity from the limitations which beset it. If the Spirit is not immanent in the world, regulating, in so far as the nature of things permits, the conditions under which each fragment of spirit, each personality, develops towards perfection, then the word God has no meaning for me.

Now this difference of view, which really brings us to the "cross-roads" in religion, has important practical consequences. I rather fancy it has much to do with that widespread indifference to Church life which we are all deploring. The Churches have emphasised the "Eternity view" too much, or have emphasised it in the wrong way. We want a religion which means something *now*, and which will urge men to live in the spirit of the great saying: "Inasmuch as ye have done these things unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done them unto me." That is, we want a religion which will emphasise the Time-view as *part of* the Eternity-view. I am well aware, indeed, that Father Tyrrell and Mr. Lloyd Thomas would say that their interpretation of the Eternity-view would lead men to live in the spirit of Christ's great saying. But interpretations vary with varying minds, and the hypothesis can only be tested by an appeal to experience and to history. And what does experience say? Look at Spain; look at Portugal; look at Italy; look at Russia; look at India—all countries where the Eternity-view has so impregnated the religious life of the people that it has become part of their daily consciousness. Are we satisfied with the result? Should we care to go back to that stage of development? For it would be a going back. I willingly concede that in many quarters the Time-view may have been stressed too much, especially where, as is the case with so many minds nowadays, men are oppressed by the sense that, after all, *we are not so sure of eternal life*, that our work here is but as "the trouble of ants, in the gleam of a million million suns." Such a sense, on selfish hearts, may have a pernicious influence; on unselfish hearts it may have a noble influence, constraining them to live in the spirit of Ruskin's eloquent appeal at the close of his introduction to the "Crown of Wild Olive." But what I feel is that the two views—the Eternity-view and the Time-view—ought not to be antagonised, they ought rather to be reconciled, and to this end I cannot do better than refer my readers to Mr. Wicksteed's valuable lecture and notes on "The Religion of Time and the Religion of Eternity."

It is just because Father Tyrrell does antagonise the two views, and because he unduly emphasises the Eternity-view, that I venture to make this criticism. Again and again he voices the deep pessimism which seems to possess all those who

are possessed by the "sense of Eternity." That is unhealthy. I am not an easy-going optimist myself. I would prefer to call myself, with Prof. Wm. James and George Eliot, a meliorist, and I feel that at these cross-roads at which not only Christianity, but all religions, have arrived, the truer signpost is that which points the way to Eternity by the hard and rugged pathways of the vale of Time, as ordained by the Eternal Himself.

To take just one illustration as to the way in which these differing views affect our Church life. Father Tyrrell, I suppose, would always look with great reverence and affection on the celebration of the Mass, and Mr. Lloyd Thomas doubtless looks with similar reverence on the celebration of Holy Communion. Neither of these ceremonies, or symbols, appeals to me in the least, except, of course, in so far as one sympathises with all modes of worship that really help, or have helped, the spiritual development of the race. I say this, believing the religion of Christ to be the highest known to man. We want other symbols which will make a closer, a deeper, and a more universal appeal, symbols more in keeping with the discoveries and developments of modern thought. All nature, art, music, and drama must be regarded as at our disposal for the discovery of such symbols. We are too apt to forget that we are only virtually at the beginning of the real reformation in religion, that it took the Roman Catholic Church many centuries to perfect its theology, its organisation, and its order of worship. So, too, the reconstruction of our Church life, under the new conditions of thought and belief, will take many generations. How this will ultimately affect the Free Catholic idea it is difficult to say. But it would seem to imply that, inasmuch as we must all be allowed to choose not only our own creeds or theories of life but also our own modes of worship, the Church must consist of an affiliation of religious organisations bound together and working together for the purposes of practical religion, *i.e.*, the advancement of mankind, but allowing to each affiliated body the formulation of its own worship, the only condition of entry being—sincerity, sincerity, sincerity.

It only remains for me to add that men like Mr. Lloyd Thomas and myself are, I hope, too near to each other in spirit, in purpose, and in fundamental aim, to allow ourselves to be divided by differing speculative beliefs or modes of worship.

RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

Cape Town.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

SIR,—I wish that I could find the words that would with exact precision, and, at the same time, with the necessary beauty, answer Mr. Robinson. Far, indeed, was it from my intention to suggest that the

devout and holy personal life for which I pleaded is something divorced from the life of kindly activities, love, and charity, and the doing of good deeds. He who has the mystic vision will not be slow to aid a brother's need; but he will stretch forth his hand to help, and suffer the tear of sympathetic love to brighten his eye, not because he supposes that in the external good deed his religion consists, nor because he imagines that religion can be attained or completed in the mere doing of any number of such deeds, but because he has that *within himself* which so irradiates his whole being that he cannot avoid the good deed even if he would. It presents itself to him not as the way to holiness, but as the expression of a holiness already achieved. We are told so often now that to love our fellow men is *the way* to love God. I would completely reverse that proposition, and to me it seems that there is a difference. To love God may be, and indeed *must be* to love your fellowmen; but the converse of that statement is not necessarily true.

Mr. Robinson asks what, for me, is the best way "to gain and to maintain the spirit of personal devotion and holiness." I still am old-fashioned enough to think that the best way, the only way, is by prayer and meditation, by communion with one's own soul, by many retreats into the inner silences, by the lonely confronting of destiny and life. Jacob wrestled all the night with God. So must all men, not once but many times. The beginning of the holy life is to feel yourself close to God; and it seems to me that that experience comes only in the rare stillness of communion, whether alone in the silence of one's own chamber or together with others in the sacred fellowship of the Church. The noise and tumult of the world of deeds must be shut out. There is no substitute for worship, and no succession of good works can accomplish the miracle which a moment of faith and aspiration and utter self-forgetting can bring to pass. Alas! it is hard to say these things and not to be misunderstood. And yet I have but to read Mr. Robinson's letter and then to ask him, if he will, to separate and evaluate the elements in the life-experience behind that letter, to know that he really grasps and understands what I am trying to say. There is a spirit in his letter, to be detected by those who *care to see*, which puts us in harmony, no matter what forms of speech we use.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

RELIGION AND AMUSEMENTS.

SIR,—Mr. McLachlan opens up a tangled problem which badly needs straightening out. The question would perhaps be simplified if we could get a clear definition of the term "broad-minded." There are many good people who both claim and allow freedom of thought in intellectual matters. That is all right. But there are others who are not particularly interested in intellectual questions, who yet claim to be broad-minded, applying the term to moral questions. The idea, "breadth of mind," is confused with moral laxity. To be "broad" one must not object to anything, however vulgar or

wrong. I have, for instance, heard of a congregation, some of whose members consider it broad-minded to tolerate smoking, dancing, card-playing, and the performing of "unobjectionable" plays, in the same room in which they worship! Evidently the spheres of religion and amusement do need defining.—Yours, &c.

HANNAH J. DAWTRY.

31, Earl-road, Bootle, September 13, 1911.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. F. J. GOULD will issue shortly, through Messrs. Watts & Co., a book for young people, entitled "Brave Citizens," one or two of the chapters being reprinted from the Children's Page of THE INQUIRER. The object of this volume of stories is to illustrate bravery and fortitude in daily life and industry and the civic sphere, by way of contrast to military courage and exploits. All the profits will go to the funds of the International Arbitration and Peace Association. The price will be 1s. It would form a suitable gift to the Juvenile Departments of Free Libraries, or to young friends at Christmas.

IN a letter which appeared in the *Times* this week Mr. Paget Toynbee gives some interesting information about the English and French translations of Dante. "The total number of English translations of the whole poem is 25. Of these, ten are in *terza rima*, six in blank verse, five in prose, and four in experimental metres. There are besides, 21 independent translations of the *Inferno* (eight in *terza rima*, eight in blank verse, three in prose, and two in experimental metres); six of the *Purgatorio* (one in blank verse, three in prose, and two in experimental metres); and one of the *Paradiso* (in prose). This gives in all 46 English translations of the *Inferno* (18 in *terza rima*, 14 in blank verse, eight in prose, and six in experimental metres); 31 of the *Purgatorio* (10 in *terza rima*, seven in blank verse, eight in prose, and six in experimental metres); and 26 of the *Paradiso* (ten in *terza rima*, six in blank verse, six in prose, and four in experimental metres).

"Of French translations of the whole poem there are 20 (seven in verse, 13 in prose); besides 14 independent translations of the *Inferno* (11 in verse, three in prose), one of the *Purgatorio* (in prose), and two of the *Paradiso* (one in verse, and one in prose); making in all, 34 French translations of the *Inferno* (18 in verse, 16 in prose), 21 of the *Purgatorio* (seven in verse, 14 in prose), and 22 of the *Paradiso* (eight in verse, 14 in prose)."

From these figures it will be seen that in point of numbers the superiority lies easily with the English. But in point of priority the superiority is very decisively the other way. The French, Mr. Toynbee reminds us, were in the field as translators of Dante some two and a half centuries before the English, but during the last 50 or 60 years they have allowed themselves to be caught up and outstripped by the latter, who, so far as output at least is concerned, are now a long way in advance.

We are glad to see that Mr. G. M. Trevelyan has made such good progress with his thrilling narrative of the Life of Garibaldi that Messrs. Longmans are able to announce that they will issue a third volume—"Garibaldi and the Making of Italy"—this month.

BOOKS dealing with Bergson and his philosophy are accumulating at a rapid rate, and it seems probable that we shall soon have a whole library on the subject. Messrs. Constable announce "Bergson," by Joseph Solomon, as an addition to their series "Philosophies, Ancient and Modern."

MESSRS. CONSTABLE will publish this autumn volumes 5 and 6 of "Emerson's Journals" which, it is anticipated, will be complete next year in 8 volumes. They also announce "Comments of Bagehot," second series by J. A. Spender.

AMONG the new books which Mr. Melrose has in preparation we notice one on "Germany and the German Emperor," by G. H. Perris.

THE great survey of London which was organised by the late Sir Walter Besant will be completed by the two volumes, "London—North" and "London—South," to be published this autumn by Messrs. A. & C. Black. They will have many maps and illustrations. The first volume will deal with London from Chelsea through the Strand district to the East-end and Docks. Every borough and every street is traversed, and its historical associations given in detail. The same method is followed in the South side, beginning at Southwark.

ANOTHER book from the same publishers will be "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal. The Fundamentals of a New Philosophy of Life," by Professor Rudolf Eucken, of Jena, translated by Alban G. Widgery. In this work Professor Eucken discusses the leading principles of his philosophy and its application to the different spheres of life. The establishment of his own view of the reality of an independent spiritual life and the discussion of its nature occupies the second and largest section of the book. In the third section culture, religion, morality, science, art, literature, education, and political and social life, are considered from the standpoint of the results of previous investigation.

AMONG Messrs. A. & C. Black's other publications are "Priests, Philosophers and Prophets, a Dissertation on Revealed Religion," by Thomas Whittaker, author of "The New Platonists"; and Part II. "Biological," of the new edition of Professor Karl Pearson's "The Grammar of Science."

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK announce "A Commentary on the Book of Isaiah" (Ch. i.-xxvi.), by G. Buchanan Gray, of Mansfield College, Oxford, a new volume in "The International Critical Commentary"; two more volumes of the series, "The Great Texts of the Bible,"

edited by the Rev. James Hastings; the fourth volume of "The Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics"; and new editions of Dr. Stalker's "Life of Saint Paul," and of Dr. Fairweather's admirable book, "The Background of the Gospels."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT :—Everyman's Library. Price 1s. each. (1) The Poems and Plays of Sir Walter Scott, vol. i. (2) Progress and Poverty: Henry George. (3) The Federalist: A. Hamilton, J. Jay, and J. Maddison. (4) War and Peace: Leo Tolstoi, vol. i. (5) Words and Places: Isaac Taylor. (6) Old English History for Children: Edward Augustus Freeman.

MESSRS. HARPER BROS. :—Library of Living Thought. Price 2s. 6d. each. The Ancient Egyptians: G. Elliot Smith. Chemical Phenomena in Life: Frederick Cazpek.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON :—God's Oath: F. C. Ottman. 5s. net. New Testament Evangelism: T. B. Kilpatrick, D.D., S.T.D. The Cardinal Elements of the Christian Faith: Professor D. S. Adam, M.D., B.D. 6s. Christian Council: David Smith, D.D. 5s. net. Life Worth While: Frederick A. Atkins. 1s. 5d. net. Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing: George Barton Cutten, Ph.D. 6s. net.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE :—Cathedrals of Central Italy: T. Francis Bumpus. 16s. net.

MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. :—Body and Mind: William McDougall. 10s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. :—The Sense and Nonsense of Christian Science: Leon C. Prince. 5s. net.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN :—Zionist Work in Palestine: Edited by Israel Cohen. 1s. net. Prayer Book Revision: By a Sexagenarian Layman. 4s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Vineyard, September. Review of Theology and Philosophy, September.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

GETTING IN BETWEEN.

HAVE not people often said to you, "You shouldn't interfere?"

"Interfere," means to come in between.

Well, no, you shouldn't; but sometimes you should. For instance, Muzungu interfered, and I believe you will agree he did right.

Among the yellow-brown folk of Uganda, in the year 1861, Mutesa was king. In a palace of palm-tree wood, interwoven with reeds and grass—a building 50 feet high—this negro prince lived; and the floor was laid with soft grass, and the mats were of leopard-skin and ox-hide. The towns in his kingdom were composed of thatched huts; in the orchards were banana trees, and the fences were made of reeds. Hither came the noted English traveller, Captain Speke, and the Uganda people called him White Man, or, in their own tongue, Muzungu.

"I invite you to a picnic," said the negro prince one day; and the White Man and the King and Court all went down to the shore of the broad and shining lake, Victoria Nyanza, and sat down to eat fruit.

Now, Mutesa had several wives, and one of them did a wicked thing. She

plucked a fruit from a tree, and offered it to her husband. You and I would have called it a polite thing to do, a nice picnic deed. But in the land of Uganda, in the year 1861, it was thought very wrong for a royal wife to hand a fruit to the King. I cannot tell you why; but you see it was in the year 1861.

"Death!" shouted Mutesa.

At that word, the King's pages flung their turbans off their heads, and rushed upon the wife, and bound her with cords. The King's pet sister, Luluga, and other women swarmed round the King, and knelt, and asked mercy. Mutesa caught up a thick stick and beat his sister's head.

"White One," shrieked Luluga.

Then Speke rose up in great haste, and ran, and got in between the King and Luluga, and lifted his hand, and looked the King in the face, and begged him to forgive. Mutesa paused. Then he smiled at Muzungu, and peace was restored; and the people sat down to eat and drink. This was the way in which Speke interfered to stay an act of injustice to a negress who had done no evil.

Another person who got in between was Job Turner. This happened at a private school, kept by Miss Hall, in Boston, Massachusetts. Miss Hall had stiff grey curls on each side of her head, and at times her temper was hard, for the children were tiresome; and for this I trust you will not think too ill of her, for teaching is trying work. I am a teacher myself, and, though I have not got stiff grey curls on each side of my head, I have often lost my sweet temper.

Well, to Miss Hall's school went girls—one was Mary; and boys—one was Job Turner, and he was deaf and dumb. Mary, aged 8, sewed badly; Job Turner, aged 8, sewed well. He could do embroidery for collars, lace veils, and neckerchiefs. Afterwards, when he was a man, he became a preacher to deaf-and-dumb people, preaching by hand-signs, of course; and Mary was afterwards Mrs. Livermore, and she was a nurse during the American Civil War, and later on, a lecturer.

Job Turner often helped Mary with her sewing. One hot afternoon, the school windows were open, and the meadows outside looked happy in the sun; and flies buzzed in a tone that seemed to make the listener lazy; and the needle in Mary's fingers was damp with sweat, and alas and alas! she had two yards and a half of sheeting to hem. The sewing-pocket that was tied to her waist felt as heavy as lead. What a drag the work was! And was life worth living? Mary untied the sewing-pocket, threw it on the seat beside her, and picked up a story-book called "English Mary" and eagerly read it.

Miss Hall came round to see the tasks, and found Mary's sewing badly done, and ordered her, as a punishment, to walk round the school and show her dirty stitching to all the scholars, one by one. Most miserable was Mary now; and her heart was filled with shame at being gazed upon in scorn by her school-fellows.

Suddenly Job Turner jumped up, got in between, and snatched the sheeting from Mary's hands, and looked up sternly in Miss Hall's face.

He stretched out the calico at arms'

length as if to say, "What a lot of sewing for a small girl to have to do!"

All the girls and boys were watching what he did; and Miss Hall, with the stiff grey curls on each side of her head, looked down in surprise.

Then Job Turner placed his hand on Mary's head, and then raised his hand towards Miss Hall, as if to say, "Mary is so little; so much smaller than you."

Then he pointed to the buzzing flies, as if to say, "Who could work fast and fair on a hot day like this, when the flies annoy and the air is so heavy?"

Job Turner threw the calico sheeting on the floor, and kicked it. He took Mary's hand, led her to the corner where the scholars' hats were kept, put her bonnet on for her, and moved towards the door.

At this point, Miss Hall stepped forward, beckoned the two children back, and made signs to the deaf and dumb boy that Mary should not be punished any further, and he quietly went back to his seat. For all that, Mary had to listen to a severe scolding from the teacher, which perhaps she merited, for we should not read story-books when the calico has to be hemmed. Anyway, whatever Miss Hall said, of course, Job could not hear!

I think Miss Hall was too hard upon little Mary. It is certain that Job Turner thought so. To his mind, it was most unjust to expect so small a scholar to do the sewing without a mistake and without soiling the material on a day like that; and still worse, to put her to contempt before all the school. Miss Hall thought otherwise, as we know. But we cannot help admiring the spirit of the boy who would not sit tamely by while, as he judged, an act of injustice was being done. He sprang up, and got in between.

I do not ask you who read these two tales to go to Uganda, or to that famous city of Boston, Massachusetts. But you are in a world where the cry of distress is heard every day. . . .

I won't say any more.

F. J. GOULD.

NOTE.—The anecdote of Captain Speke is extracted from Sir H. H. Johnston's "Nile Quest," pp. 156-8, and that of Mary and Job from Mrs. Livermore's "Story of My Life," published in 1898, at Hartford, Conn.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

MISS PRESTON.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Miss Preston, which took place at her residence in Highbury-crescent on Sunday morning, September 10. She had been ill some time, but had shown such wonderful power of recovery on many previous occasions that the end came somewhat suddenly. The illness and death of her lifelong friend, Miss Chamberlain, had touched her deeply, and the strain left its mark upon her own remaining days.

Anne Preston, daughter of Henry John Preston, who died in 1857, was born in London, October 12, 1824; she had thus

nearly completed her eighty-seventh year at the time of her death. Her elder brother, Mr. Stanton W. Preston, now in his ninety-first year, is the sole survivor of Mr. Henry John Preston's family. A woman of keen intelligence, sturdy independence and generous disposition, Miss Preston will be missed by a wide circle of relatives and personal friends to whom she was sincerely attached. She took no part in public affairs, but throughout the Unitarian community she was well known for her active interest, large sympathy, and generous support.

To Unity Church, Islington, she was greatly devoted. She had previously been connected with the Carter-lane Chapel in the City, the regular congregation of which migrated to Islington in 1862, when Unity Church was opened. Her presence at the services, her never-failing devotion to the affairs of the congregation, her generous financial aid, were in many ways unique, and have left behind a memory which will abide with all her fellow-worshippers. The Carter-lane Mission, afterwards transferred to the south side of the Thames, and named the Blackfriars Mission, had in Miss Preston a warm friend and ever-ready helper. Until illness prevented, she was one of the most constant in her attendance at the meetings of the London District Unitarian Society and the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. She thoroughly believed in the truth and worth of the principles and faith of Unitarian Christianity, and she was always one of the first to give support to any well-considered scheme for extending a knowledge of Unitarianism among the people. She had been a member of the Council of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association for twenty-five years.

It is often said that one cannot be an ardent denominationalist, and at the same time entertain feelings of appreciation and sympathy towards those holding widely diverse opinions. Miss Preston was a keen and earnest Unitarian, but she lived in the most intimate friendship for many years with her cousin, Miss Chamberlain, a strong and convinced Churchwoman. To the poor and needy, the sick and the sorrowful, Miss Preston's sympathies were always tender, and her purse always open. Her charity, however, was considerate and thoughtful; she wanted to know that her gifts would be of real service before they were bestowed. Her whole life was a fine example of that combination of mind and heart, strength and tenderness, which help to build up and vivify the truest and noblest life of the world.

W. C. B.

MRS. COOPER.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Mrs. E. F. Cooper, which took place at Anstey Grange, near Leicester, on the 7th inst. The following words spoken by the Rev. E. I. Fripp at the funeral service in the Great Meeting, Leicester, last Tuesday will recall to many the sterling qualities of her character and the gracious hospitality of her home:—

One who knew her and loved her for nearly fifty years, said of her last night, "She was a good woman, and she will be

a missed woman." She came to Leicester, I believe, from the North, and she brought with her its vigour and its hospitality. She had a wonderful interest in people, in men and women, and young people and children. She had a very wide circle of friends, and she loved to be among them and to have them about her, and to entertain them. There are very many besides myself who will never forget "Sunnyside." It's long table of happy faces, its games, its kindly nonsense, and also its seasons of quiet, earnest converse, are imprinted on our memories. I thought I had never known a home more restful, more steadily strong. You have to go out of England, it is said, to realise the peacefulness of England; and again and again those visits to the New Walk were to me like healing balm. Sunshine indeed was there—the cheerfulness which comes of liberty of thought, from industry, good-temper and the fear of God. And there was the same influence in the quieter days at Rearsby and Anstey Grange. She was a true and noble English wife and mother. She brought up ten children to maturity, without loss and almost without serious sickness; and she lived with her loved ones until within two years, I think, of the golden wedding. None of us, I fancy, could realise that she had considerably passed her three score years and ten. Her eye was undimmed and her natural force unabated.

And she had *force*. Hers was not a passive nature. She was a woman of keen judgment. She enjoyed the direction of her own household, nor like some active mothers was she absorbed in its duties. Nor did she, like some others, monopolise the tasks. Her wise management showed itself in her training others to manage. Nor again were her interests confined to the domestic world in which she was so successful and so happy. She thought of friends outside, of relatives at a distance, of homes other than her own, which she had visited, and which were dear to her, and where she will be remembered with affection as long as life lasts.

And here, in this place, we know well her interest in the services, in our institutions, in the denomination, and especially in the ministry. I recall the pleasure she gave when she visited Mansfield to rejoice with us in our Bicentenary Celebrations. And you, members of the mothers' meeting, know how she cared for you. You have not forgotten the snowdrops of last spring, nor the kind manner in which a few weeks since, after your pleasant outing in the Forest, she waylaid you at her house, to give you flowers, on your journey home.

Her character was the outcome of her simple, pure faith. Her life was like her religion, one of duty and kindness, resting on the love of God—silent rather than spoken, unobtrusive, reticent, but real and deep.

I think of the old words:—

"A virtuous woman who shall find? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor and the law of kindness is on her tongue.

Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. Her children rise up and call her blessed, and her works shall praise her in the gates."

Among those present at the service were the Rev. C. C. Coe, of Bournemouth, brother-in-law; the Rev. Gordon Cooper, of London, son; Mr. Arthur S. Thew, of Southport, and Mr. W. H. Thew, of Liverpool, brothers; Mr. A. W. Willmer, Mayor of Birkenhead, son-in-law; and many friends from the neighbourhood, among whom were members of the Mothers' Meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Mentor Gimson, Mr. and Miss Grewcock, and other leading representatives of the congregation.

THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

DEATH OF MRS. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

THE craft of social workers has lost one of its most useful members by the death of Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald in the prime of her activity. A daughter of the well-known philanthropist and educationalist, Dr. John Hall Gladstone, and niece of Lord Kelvin, she received from her father the training in public affairs which she afterwards turned to such noble use. Her life-long and devoted zeal for the welfare of the working classes, especially of women workers, began with a period of activity in one of the worst of London's slum areas, Hoxton, where she soon became convinced of the necessity of more profound social changes than would at that time have been countenanced by either of the great political parties. Thenceforth, and with unbroken ardour to the last, her fine gifts, whether as investigator or organiser, were ceaselessly devoted to the furtherance of ideals which had in them no trace of selfishness or rancour, and which, though untimely cut off, she lived to see slowly and painfully winning their way to recognition. Whether in committee or on the platform, at a meeting of the British Association or among poor working women, she was always persuasive and convincing, being a rare and effective combination of gentleness and strength, of idealism and practical skill in affairs. If she became one of the pioneers and mouth-pieces of the new social aspirations of the last generation, she abated no jot of devotion to the principles of liberty in which she had been brought up, and subject races the world over found in her a constant friend and powerful ally. Indeed, her interest in them may be said to have precipitated, if it did not actually cause, her death. With characteristic energy she helped in the drudgery involved in the vast project of the recent Universal Races Congress, at a time when she was already stricken and ought to have allowed herself complete rest. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, with whom she formed a singularly happy union in 1896, and their children, will have the sincere sympathy of a wide circle not merely in the United Kingdom but in the colonies, on the Continent, and

in India, which she had recently visited with her husband.

* * *

All the efforts of so multifarious an energy cannot in this brief notice be chronicled, but the following stand out prominently. For several years she represented the London County Council on the management of the Shoreditch Technical Institute, and it was largely due to her influence that the first trade schools for women were established in London. At the meeting of the British Association at Bradford, in 1900, she read a paper on industrial legislation for women, and at the 1906 meeting at York, she dealt with the question of the education of wage-earners of school-age. She accompanied her husband to America, Australia, South Africa, and India. To the volume on India which he wrote in 1910, as a result of his visit to the East, she contributed a charming chapter on "The Women of India." She was on the Council of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, on the executive of the International Association for Labour Legislation, and a prominent member of the National Union of Women Workers. Perhaps the organisation nearest her heart was the Women's Labour League, which she founded in 1906 in order to afford the wives and daughters of working men larger opportunities of associating in the work of the Labour movement. Of this society she was the first President, and later, since the death of Mrs. Middleton, another martyr to the cause, she became secretary.

* * *

Her influence was in other ways indirectly but no less effectively exercised. Although a devoted wife and mother, and immersed in public work, she found time to hold frequent informal receptions at her home at Lincoln's Inn Fields, at which there foregathered social workers, reformers from all parts of the world, prominent politicians from the British Islands, and from the Continent. The present writer remembers meeting there a deputation of native South African chiefs who had come to London to have some grievance redressed, and called on the Macdonalds for sympathy and help. At these gatherings, all the more delightful because there was an entire absence of ceremony, one was always sure to get at close quarters with interesting people, men and women who were making history. For all these, and for many other less known or quite unknown guests, Mrs. Macdonald had a kindly word. Here, too, many a time and oft were discussed ideas and methods of reform which afterwards were brought before the country.

* * *

The public service at the Golders Green Crematorium was conducted by the Rev. F. L. Donaldson and the Rev. W. E. Moll, who shared the same social faith, based on deep religious conviction. The chapel, which could only accommodate a portion of those who sought to obtain admission, bore moving witness to the deep respect and affection in which Mrs. Macdonald was held. Mr. Moll paid a touching tribute to her memory. He spoke of her fearless and unswerving faithfulness in maturity to the ideals of youth, and of

her labours to found the City of God on earth. Though this City was as yet afar off, what she had done and striven to do had helped to bring it nearer. If to those who in sorrow gathered round her bier, it seemed that she had been prematurely snatched away, of none could Horatio Bonar's words have been more fitly used: "He liveth long who liveth well."

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Hull.—A welcome was given at Park-street Unitarian Church on September 6 to the Rev. Lawrence Clare, the newly-appointed minister. A service was held at 6 p.m., conducted by Dr. Stanley Mellor (Rotherham). The Rev. E. W. Lummis, a former minister, preached the sermon. Speaking of the minister as priest and prophet, he was, he said, the priest not of the individual, but of the community, expressing for them the spirit of faith and of worship. Part of his duty was to increase, to elevate, and to rectify the powers of faith, hope, and love. Worship, such as he conceived it, should be a real communion of men and of men with God. As prophet, it was his first duty to gain a hearing. By earnest purpose he must make men hear, and he must be faithful to his message. Moreover, his appeal must be one of faith to faith. A public meeting followed, some 200 people assembling in the church schoolroom. Those present included the Revs. E. W. Lummis, Lawrence Clare, J. G. Patton, E. H. Reeman, Dr. Stanley Mellor (Rotherham), Alderman E. Hanger, J.P., and Messrs. Marriott Morley, J.P., Simon Harris, Henry Best, W. Bailey Holmes, E. G. Rymer, E. Davey, J. Downs, E. Wadsley, and R. Hodgson. The chair was occupied by Ald. E. Hanger, J.P., and Mr. E. G. Rymer (secretary) read a letter of welcome to the new minister from the Rev. W. Whitaker, a former minister. During the interval a quartette rendered "God is a Spirit." Mr. S. Harris, on behalf of the congregation, extended a hearty welcome to the Rev. Lawrence Clare and his wife. The Rev. E. W. Lummis, in the course of a speech on behalf of the ministry, said he could offer the new minister the same sort of welcome that one soldier offered to a recruit. Mr. W. Bailey Holmes made some cordial remarks to the newcomer on behalf of school and kindred societies, which, he said, were so numerous that he had had to write them down. Dr. Stanley Mellor welcomed the Rev. Lawrence Clare on behalf of Yorkshire Unitarians. The Rev. E. H. Reeman spoke on behalf of the Hull churches. Mrs. W. M. Holmes welcomed the minister on behalf of the Ladies' Church Society. The Rev. J. G. Patton appeared for the Hull churches. Messrs. Marriott Morley, J.P., and Henry Best also took part in the welcome. The Rev. Lawrence Clare suitably responded, and said he was leaving a great city where he had loved the people, who had gathered round him with such loyalty. In coming there he felt that it was not only a call to the ministry and the churches, but a call to the great service of man.

Leeds.—The Yorkshire Unitarian Club has just issued its syllabus for the coming season. The chief event will be the Third Annual Dinner on Saturday, September 30. The guest of the evening will be the Rev. C. Hargrove, and several prominent ministers and laymen, who have been associated with Mr. Hargrove in common work have promised to be present. Among those who are announced to speak are

the Revs. H. E. Dowson, A. Gordon and W. C. Bowie and Messrs. Grosvenor Talbot and F. M. Lupton. All communications should be addressed to Mr. A. Simpson, 3a, New Briggate, Leeds.

London: Islington.—The congregation of Unity Church has suffered a serious loss, which will be felt as a personal bereavement by all its members, in the death of Miss Preston. She passed away early last Sunday morning, and Dr. Tudor Jones made a feeling reference from the pulpit. We understand that a special memorial service will be held on Sunday morning.

Manchester.—The Manchester District Association of Presbyterian and Unitarian Churches has organised a scheme for the coming season for extending the influence and usefulness of the Association and of the Churches. The gatherings will be held on Saturday afternoons and evenings, and with a few exceptions, on the first Saturday in the month. There will be service 3.30, tea 5, meeting 6. The arrangements up to Christmas are as follows:—Monton, Saturday, September 23. Preacher, Rev. W. Holmshaw. Supporter, Rev. W. S. McLauchlan, M.A. Chairman of evening meeting, Rev. Neander Anderton, B.A. Speakers, Messrs. G. H. Leigh, Richard Robinson, and Rev. C. M. Wright, M.A. Urnston:—Saturday, November 4. Preacher, Rev. A. Cobden Smith. Supporter, Rev. G. C. Sharpe. Chairman of evening meeting, Mr. J. Wigley. Speakers, Rev. Dendy Agate, B.A., Rev. H. E. Haycock. Bradford:—Saturday, December 2. Preacher, Rev. J. Morley Mills. Supporter, Rev. A. Cunliffe Fox, B.A. Chairman of evening meeting, Mr. G. W. R. Wood, J.P. Speakers, Mr. T. Fletcher Robinson, Mr. W. Mort, Rev. E. W. Sealy, M.A.

McQuaker Trust Open-Air Mission.—Most of the activities of the Open Air Mission in Scotland will terminate this week. Many meetings have been held, and the following places have been visited by the missionary, the Rev. E. T. Russell, B.A., Leith; The Mound, Edinburgh; Broomage Brig, Falkirk; Dalkeith, Newton Grange, West Calder, Musselburgh. Nearly all the meetings have been largely attended, and much interest in the lectures has been shown by those attending them. At Musselburgh the visit of the Missioner caused a good deal of excitement, and much opposition was displayed; but though the opposition died away the interest did not lessen, and the crowds increased. Nearly the same report might be made about the other places visited. Sunday, September 10, was Tryst Sunday, and the Tryst Ground, Stenhousemuir, was visited by its usual thousands from districts far and near. The regular morning service was held in the Universalist Church, and then at 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. the Missioner addressed monster crowds on the Tryst Ground as in previous years. Hundreds of people who visit the Tryst Ground regularly on Tryst Sunday, seem to look forward to these addresses as one of its institutions. Mr. Manders kindly lent one of his show wagons for a platform for the evening meeting. The

winter's work will commence on October 1, when the Missioner will conduct the first of a series of Sunday evening services in the Guild Hall, Perth. Indoor meetings are also arranged for Dalkeith, Stonehouse, Lanarkshire, West Calder, Dumfries, and Musselburgh. Other places will also be visited occasionally.

Middlesbrough.—The Guild commenced its autumn session on September 7, by a rally, at which about 60 members and friends were present. Several friends contributed to an enjoyable musical programme, and the President, the Rev. W. Lambelle, in a brief address, appealed to all present to support the work of the Church and the Guild. The Chairman, Mr. Harrison, also addressed the gathering.

Nottingham.—In the *High Pavement Chronicle* for September, the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas makes the following reference to the fabric of the church and its suitability for Christian worship:—"Happily, the building itself, like the idea it enshrines, is secure and permanent; and the necessary restoration of the spire and ornamental stone-work will, through the generosity and self-sacrifice of our members, soon be completed. The building is a noble ecclesiastical edifice, designed primarily for worship, adoration, praise, and prayer, and only secondarily for preaching. Its central object is the God of the altar, not the man of the pulpit. It follows that if we are to continue to make use of the opportunities of our freedom, we shall concentrate on the devotional spirit of our congregational life and make our worship as sincerely reverent and strongly beautiful as possible. We shall bring to its spiritual treasury the offering of our own lives, and the contribution of every pure art and holy ritual and devout practice. Instead of paring away every lovely thing that is venerable and sweet to the heart of man, and every sacred symbol that has proved suggestive and consolatory to human experience, we shall firmly exercise our freedom to, and adopt, and adapt, and initiate as we think wise and fruitful. Our Church is a free and living democracy in which every member, male and female, is fully consulted. There can be no danger of developing too fast when we can only move steadily, step by step, with the sanction and support of the majority for the time being. Every sensible and considerate minority has always loyally recognised the reasonableness of acceding to the prevailing wishes of the congregation. I have no special policy in mind in writing like this beyond what I have expressed from the pulpit and in my printed utterances. But I think the time has come for us as a congregation, and for our denomination as a whole, to seize the inviting opportunities of the age and meet the needs of modern Churchmanship and of human nature. Roman and Anglo-Catholicism are prevented by their crippled condition from doing this. Ordinary dissent seems destitute of any high vision of Church-Life, and, spite of many sound and excellent qualities, it still appears content to multiply a number of preaching stations. Our own Free Christian Churches have the chance of their life. Let us pray and labour that they may rise to the splendour of their opportunity."

NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL.

President, 1911-12:
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Past Presidents:
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Sir WILLIAM COLLINS Rt. Hon. LORD WEARDALE.
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The National Peace Council, or federation of twenty-five Peace and Arbitration Societies and of other organisations, e.g., the Brotherhoods' Council, the Ethical Union, &c., linked together for the purpose of jointly furthering the peace movement, invites the support of all those aiming at the establishment of International Peace.

As the Central Peace Federation, the Council is the Organising Committee of the Annual National Peace Congress, and is a standing joint Committee for carrying out united work from Congress to Congress. Personal and financial help for this work is cordially invited. For further information and literature address the

The Secretary of the Council,
167, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

A UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT IN PARIS.

Paris is not only the resort of the pleasure-seeker, but almost the Mecca of the foreign student who comes to utilise its great educational facilities. He often, however, experiences great difficulties in finding comfortable residential quarters, where he may come into touch with the social and progressive movements of

France, and with social workers of other nations. To fill this need the Association des Maisons Universitaires has been formed, inspired chiefly by the University Settlement of Toynbee Hall. The Association has recently opened the "Maison Universitaire Guyau" in Paris. It is managed by a Committee, and has the patronage of many professors of Europe and America. It has a lecture room, library, dining room, private studies, &c., and offers great opportunities for social intercourse and a study of French. Social workers of every kind who may be only staying a few days in Paris are also welcome. It is hoped that this Institution may be the means of putting reformers and thinkers of all shades of opinion and all nations into closer touch. Further particulars may be obtained of Madame Chalamet, Maison Universitaire Guyau, 32, rue de Vouillé, Paris. A pleasant feature of the scheme is that in the spring and summer Madame Chalamet has a house in the old-world town of St. Valéry-sur-Somme, where visitors and students may spend a delightful holiday, enjoying the country and sea and observing French customs, or may avail themselves of opportunities for the systematic study of French.

FOOTBALL IN INDIA.

We hear that in Calcutta, football is being greatly encouraged among their staffs by some mercantile firms and Government offices. Not only is it considered advantageous from the point of view of physical development, but it is to play a part in conducing to racial amity. According to the Calcutta *Unity*, the playground is the only place where Europeans forget colour distinction and differences of social position, and treat the Indians on equal terms only as fellow players. It is a world in itself in which superiority and inferiority are unknown. The playground is a peacemaker between players belonging to different nationalities, castes, and creeds.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE COPTS IN EGYPT.

The *Nineteenth Century* for September has an interesting article on "Copts and Muslims in Egypt," by Dr. Alfred J. Butler. He gives a simple statement in order to clear up the common misunderstanding of their position. It is said that the Copts are descended from the ancient Egyptians, but now the name is given to that section of the community retaining its primitive Christianity. The Coptic Church dates its foundation to the preaching of St. Mark, and shows a continuous succession of patriarchs from the first century of the Christian era to the present time. It is interesting to learn that though great social and industrial pressure naturally bore on the Copts to become Muslims, and that they were alternately treated with ferocity and favour, there has been a background of friendly relations with the Muslims all through. He shows that history may be taken to prove that there is no inherent antipathy between Copts and Muslims. The words of Mohammed are quoted where he specially commanded

his people to give the Copts favourable treatment.

* * *

It is Dr. Butler's opinion that there are certain removable influences at work which foster differences and create injustice between the Muslims and the Copts. The sense of grievance among the Copts grew till it took form in a Congress at Assiut recently. The object of the Congress was "to remove the numerous causes of dispute between the communities constituting the Egyptian nation, by establishing the principle of equality of treatment and justice as regards these communities, in all their rights and duties as citizens, so that the bonds of brotherly love may be strengthened between them and that they may come to regard themselves as Egyptians before everything else." Dr. Butler maintains that there will be no true growth of a community of interest in Egypt unless the object of the Congress and those who agree with it is fulfilled. "But under fair conditions, peace and goodwill may again prevail; and Muslims and Copts may rise to the conception of a patriotic union in which alone lies the hope of national progress."

TOYNBEE HALL.

The Educational Committee of Toynbee Hall have just issued their programme for the Autumn Session which begins on Oct. 2. There are many Lecture Courses on different subjects. Dr. Gilbert Slater will lecture on "The Worker and the State" and there will be two other University Extension Courses. Hygiene, Art, Literature and Language are well represented, and there are announcements of numerous other activities, including Debates and a Current Events Club. A special feature is the Sunday evening free Religious Discussion. There is also an announcement that the greatly appreciated Sunday Classical Concerts will be continued. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, The Educational Committee, Toynbee Hall, Commercial-street, E.

WANTED, OLD TENNIS BALLS.

We are glad to call attention to the following appeal by the Secretary of the London Playing Fields Society:—"Will you again allow me to ask those people who during this summer have made good use of balls, bats and racquets, to make still better use of them by passing them on to London children, whose appreciation is immeasurable. There is a very great demand for sporting instruments, but especially for cricket or football gear; and, indeed, in a school play-ground even a worn-out racquet and some antique tennis balls are the most useful of 'cricket' materials. Last year the Society was enabled to distribute 2,000 tennis balls, 120 racquets, and many other articles useful for games." The address of the Society is 49, Parliament-street, S.W.

THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

We learn from *Bird Notes* that in April the Commonwealth of Australia took a further step for protecting the bird-life of that country. A proclamation was issued by the Minister of Customs pro-

hibiting the exportation of a long list of birds, their skins, plumage or eggs, save where it is proved they are required for scientific purposes. It is good news to be told on good authority that the report of the Colonial Office Committee, appointed to investigate the facts with reference to the birds of the British Empire, is being looked for with confidence by bird protectors, and it is hoped that the Government will introduce a Bill of their own, or give facilities for the passing of Lord Avebury's Bill to prohibit the importation of plumage.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR CRIPPLE CHILDREN.

There will be pleasure and pathos combined in the scene at the Hampstead Garden Suburb on Saturday the 16th inst., when 100 crippled and blind children from L.C.C. Schools in the Paddington and Notting Hill districts will be entertained during the afternoon by the healthy children on the suburb. It is four years since Sir William Treloar, then Lord Mayor of London, opened the first cottage of the Hampstead Tenants and he will be represented at the forthcoming reception by Miss Treloar, who will receive a purse from the Co-partnership workmen on behalf of her father's fund for Cripple Children.

IRISH WORKERS AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The annual demonstration under the auspices of the Dublin Workmen's Temperance Association was held on Sunday. The procession through the streets of the metropolis was very large, though it was decided that none but total abstainers should take part in it. It was fully a mile long. After winding up at Smithfield, fully 20,000 citizens attended a great public meeting at which vigorous speeches were delivered by the Rev. Father Aloysius, O.S.F., Father Angelus, O.S.F.C., Father Larkin, O.P., Father Kennedy, Father Donoghue, Mr. P. J. O'Neill, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, K.C., and others. Mr. Sullivan, who is a son and namesake of one of the most powerful advocates of total abstinence in his time, said he had never seen anything so creditable to the capital of Ireland as the demonstration; it was a sight of which everyone ought to be proud. Participating in the demonstration were men of all classes. Working men had come to realise that their betterment must be achieved by their own self-denial and fortitude. The organisation of labour would never be a success unless it was founded on temperance, and in that demonstration there was represented friendly and temperance societies and other bodies, on every one of whose banners temperance was writ large.

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* * * Regarding Advertisement Rates see inside Front Cover.